

Twenty-Six
SONGS

by

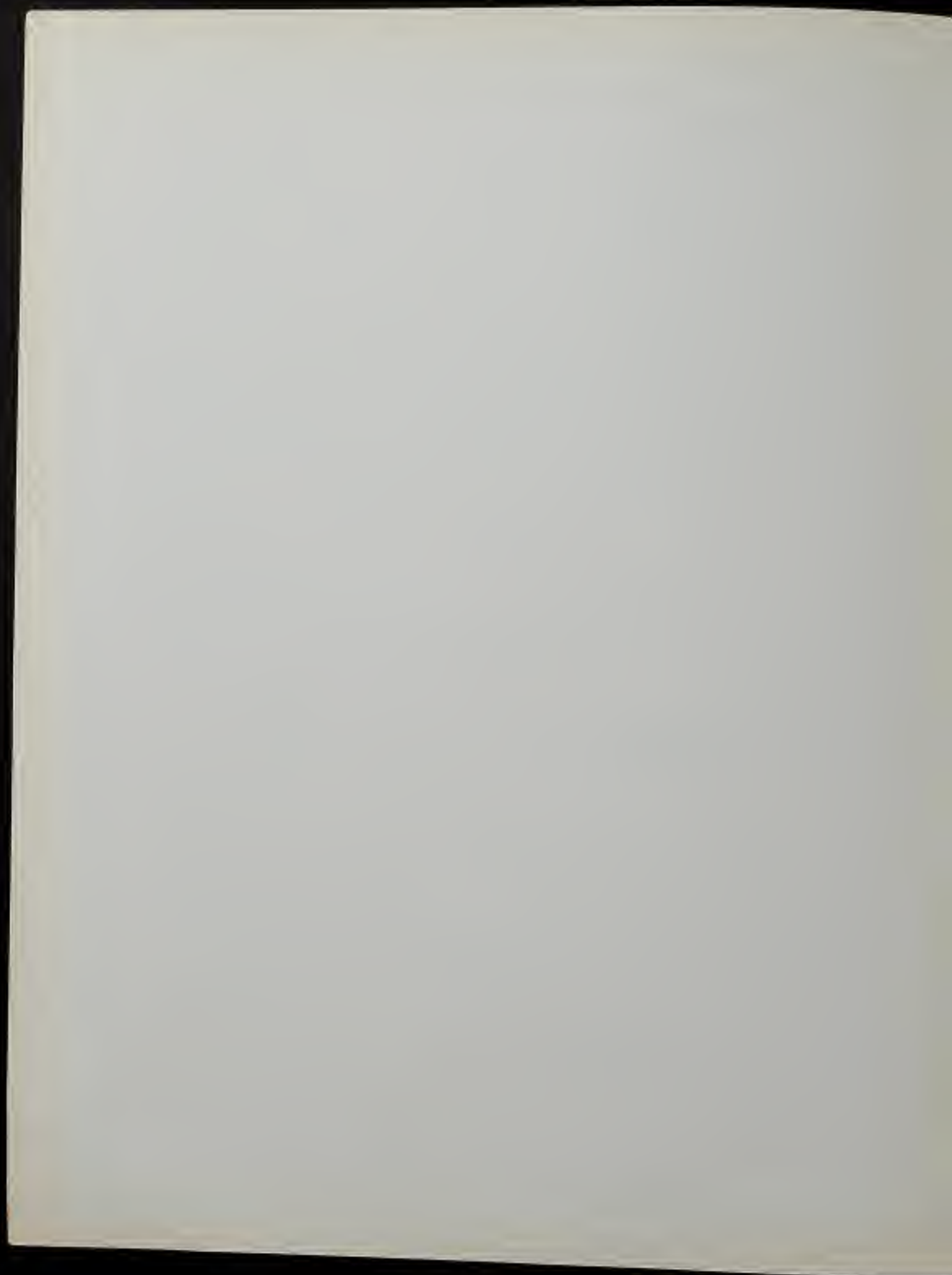
Ernest WHYTE

Part. I. — Seven Songs for a high voice.

Part. II. — Eleven Songs for a medium voice.

Part. III. — Eight Songs for a low voice.

For sale by the Mc KECHNIE, Music Co Limited, Ottawa (Canada)
and by the NORDHEIMER, Piano and Music Co Limited, Toronto (Canada).



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ERNEST WHYTE

Ernest Whyte was born of Scotch parents at Ottawa, Canada, in 1858, and died there in 1922. During his life-time he was best known as a pianist and teacher of piano-playing; but his fame in the future will rest on his songs of which he composed about 270. He was a great lover of poetry, and set to music almost all the lyrics, of high value and suitable for musical treatment, which he could find in English and in German literature. Only 24 of his songs were published under his own supervision, though he had planned to issue a new volume containing a considerable number of his later works.

A group of his friends have selected 26 of the most important of his unpublished songs which they now offer to the public, in order that a much wider circle may share the joy they have experienced in singing and in listening to these remarkable compositions.

The songs are issued in three parts, for high, medium and low voices; but it is to be noted that many of those selected for a medium voice are of small compass, and may therefore be used by almost any vocalist.

Little need be said here about these songs, for they are their own best advocates. It may be pointed out, however, that singers who are looking for bizarre and startling effects will not find these compositions to their taste. Ernest Whyte's songs are not "up to date" and contain no surprises, except the great surprise of their classic beauty and simplicity, and of the really unusual sympathy which exists between the music and the words. The composer never made use of trashy verse, and never set to music any poem without adding to its loveliness.

In a few instances it has been thought best to transpose a song into a lower key than the original, in order that it might be made more generally useful. But this has only been done when the transposition did not alter the essential character of the composition.

Charles E. Saunders.

George Robertson.

Ottawa, Canada, 1925

PART I. *Seven Songs for a High Voice.*

Hey, the dusty Miller.
A Wish.
A Morning in May.
My Grief.
Song of the Apple-trees.
The Bells of Youth.
Knowest thou where?

PART II. *Eleven Songs for a Medium Voice.*

Here's the last Rose.
My Heart with Rue is laden.
Where the Bee sucks.
Full Fathom Five.
Far North a Pine stands lonely.
When the Dew is Falling.
Invocation.
Of speckled Eggs the Birdie sings.
My Bed is a Boat.
Irish Lullaby.
The Sunset in the Rosy West.

PART III. *Eight Songs for a Low Voice.*

The Home-Wind.
By Carnalee.
The Message.
The Destiny of my Words.
Oh Love!
Requiem.
Before Harvest.
Love's on the High-Road.

The best way to approach Ernest Whyte's songs is, first of all, to read carefully the poems which he has set to music. If you find the words interesting and beautiful, the song will be almost sure to please you; but if the poem makes no appeal, neither will the song.

To assist anyone looking for the first time into these little volumes, a few suggestions are here given, especially in regard to some of the out-standing compositions.

PART I. "The Bells of Youth" (certainly one of the composer's best efforts) is probably the most attractive song in this group. But it must be rendered with extreme rapidity in order to reveal the full charm of its dazzling brilliancy. "A Morning in May" is of the same general type and should please almost everyone. "My Grief" forms a striking contrast to the two just mentioned. It is very sombre and dramatic. "Knowest thou Where" requires and will repay special attention. It is one of the greatest songs of the whole collection, but is so deep, so vast in its thought that ordinary singers and listeners will fail to understand it at first.

PART II. The "Irish Lullaby" is likely to give the most pleasure. Anyone incapable of enjoying this haunting melody need not look at the other compositions. "My Bed is a Boat" and "Of Speckled Eggs" may be classed as children's songs; but most older folks also will enjoy them. "When the Dew is Falling" is a heart-searching poem the loneliness of which finds lofty and exquisite expression in the music. Thoughtful vocalists will be much interested in "Far North a Pine stands lonely" and "Invocation". These songs are not intended for ordinary concert use, yet their high value is incontestable. "Invocation", in particular, requires a calm, meditative attitude difficult to secure in a concert hall. It cannot be enjoyed by anyone who is sitting in a draught or beside whispering neighbours, or who is wondering whether the programme will be finished in time for him to catch the last car home.

PART III. "The Home-Wind" is a great expression of virile enthusiasm for life in the open air. It demands a powerful voice and a wide-awake accompanist; for it must be taken at a dizzy speed in order to give its full effect as a whirlwind of joy. "The Message" is a delicate and particularly tuneful love-song. "Love's on the High-road" is a tiny thing, but brimful of life. "Requiem" is a dignified and worthy setting of a touching poem. "Before Harvest" is vocally easy and very melodious; but the beauty of the thought will be too subtle for average listeners.

C. E. S.

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Hey, the dusty Miller!

ROBERT BURNS.

E. WHYTE.

Op. 11, No. 3.

PIANO

Vivace

Hey, the dust - y mil - ler, And his dust - y coat;

He will win a shil - ling Or he spend a groat.

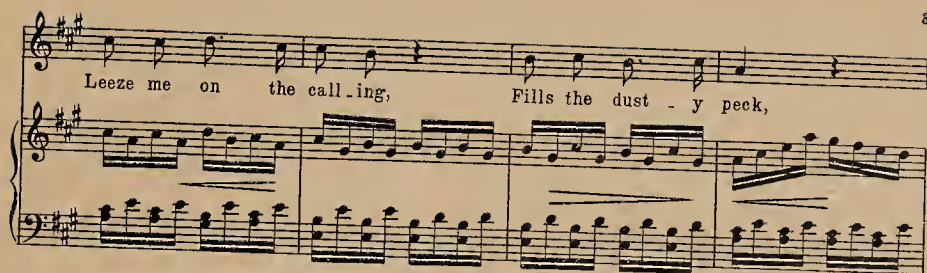
Dust : y was the coat, _____ Dust - y was the co - lour,

Dust - y was the kiss _____ I got frae the mil - ler.

f

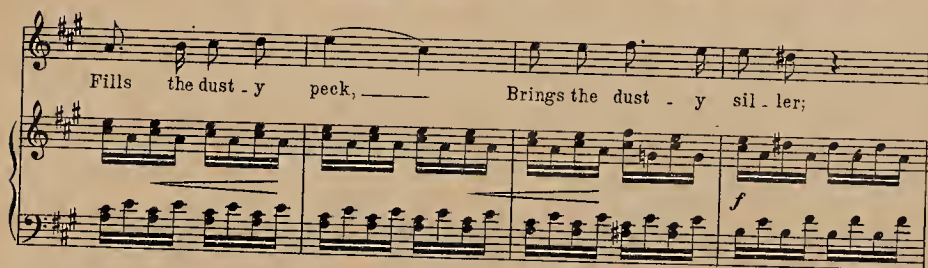
f

Hey, the dust - y mil - ler, And his dust - y sack;



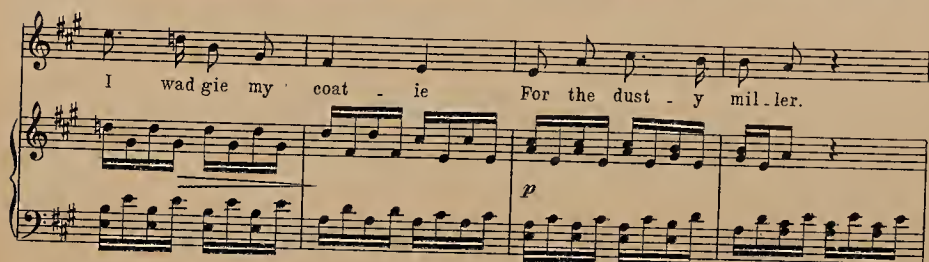
Leeze me on the call-ing, Fills the dust - y peck,

This system contains the first line of the musical score. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are 'Leeze me on the call-ing, Fills the dust - y peck,'.



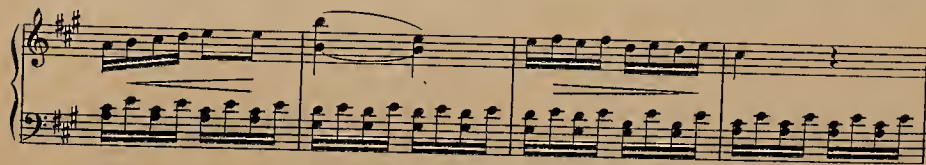
Fills the dust - y peck, ——— Brings the dust - y sil - ler;

This system contains the second line of the musical score. The piano accompaniment includes a forte dynamic marking (*f*) in the final measure. The lyrics are 'Fills the dust - y peck, ——— Brings the dust - y sil - ler;'.



I wad gie my coat - ie For the dust - y mil - ler.

This system contains the third line of the musical score. The piano accompaniment includes a piano dynamic marking (*p*) in the final measure. The lyrics are 'I wad gie my coat - ie For the dust - y mil - ler.'.



This system contains the fourth line of the musical score, which is a continuation of the piano accompaniment from the previous system. It features a consistent rhythmic pattern in the bass clef.



This system contains the fifth line of the musical score, which is a continuation of the piano accompaniment from the previous system. It concludes the piece with a final chord in the treble clef.

A Wish.

(EIN WUNSCH.)

JOHANNA AMBROSIOUS.

English version by E. WHYTE.

E. WHYTE.

Op. 12, No. 1.

VOICE

At foot of the church-yard For - sak - en a -
Am fuß der Ca - pel - le Ver - las - sen al -

PIANO

pp sotto voce

lone Lies co - vered with i - vy An old grey
lein Liegt Ep - heu - um - spon - nen Ein alt er

stone.
Stein.

The fir - tree that
Die Tan - ne da -

a Tempo

rall.

near it It's dusk form rears Be-dews it for-
 -ne-ben Ge-hüllt in schwarz Sie spen-det als

-ev-er With am-ber tears.
 Thrä-nen Ihr lich-tes hars.

a Tempo

rall.

No pain mars the sleep-er's se-re-ni-ty, Ah
 Kein Leid stört des Schläf-er's er-kampf-te Ruh', Mir

me, with what gladness could I sleep like thee.
 wär' es ein Glück — Schief ich so wie du.

rall.

ppp

A Morning in May.

CLAUDE C. WASHBURN.
By kind permission of the Author
and of the S. S. McClure Company.

E. WHYTE.
Op. 43, No. 4.

Presto con vivacità

VOICE

I was out in the cool of the morn - ing When the

PIANO

mf

birds were be-gin-ning to sing; Each calling to each in the

day new-ly born, Each calling to each in the

fresh - scented morn - Call - ing, Oh it is spring, it is spring!

Call - ing, Oh it is spring! — Oh — it is

8va

f *mp*

spring! —

8va

p

And the dew-lad-en li-lacs a-bout me, And the

Meno mosso e con tenerezza

pp

hum of an ear-ly bee's wing — And the mur-muring boughs of the

new-leaf-ing trees, And the soft stir-ring boughs rustling low in the breeze

Whisper-ed Ah it is spring, ah it is

spring. I was out in the cool of the

risvegliato *L'istesso Tempo*

morn-ing When the birds were be-gin-nin-g to sing; Each calling to

each _____ in the day _____ new-ly born _____ Each calling to

8va

mp

each _____ in the fresh - scent-ed morn _____ Call - ing, Oh it is

8va

dim. *cresc.*

spring, it is spring! Call - ing, Oh it is spring, _____

8va

f

Oh _____ it is spring! _____

8va *16va*

ff

My Grief.

(MO BRON.)

A Song of the Wind.

WILLIAM SHARP (FIONA MACLEOD)
By permission of Mrs. William Sharp.

E. WHYTE.
Op. 55, N^o 1.

Allegro agitato e con passione

VOICE

O come a cross the

PIANO

grey wild seas, Said my heart in pain:

cresc.

Give me peace, give me peace, Said my heart in

ff *mf* *p*

pain.

pp cresc. *poco* *a* *poco*

This is the song of the swan on the tides of the

ff

f

wind, The song of the wild swan time out of

mf *rall. e dim.* *pp*

mind.

pp a Tempo cresc. *poco a poco*

0

come a cross the grey wild seas, O give me a

f

to ken! My head is on my knees,

ad lib. *p*

My heart is bro - ken!

p *rall.* *pp*

This is the song of the heart on the tides of

cresc. *poco* *a* *poco ff*

sor - row This is the song of my heart, to -

mf

day and to - mor row.

6

rit. *pp*

Song of the Apple-trees.

WILLIAM SHARP (FIONA MACLEOD)

By permission of Mrs. William Sharp.

E. WHYTE.

Op. 55, No. 2.

Allegretto grazioso

VOICE *mp* Song of the Ap-ple-trees, hon-ey-sweet and

PIANO *pp* *sempre sotto voce e mormorando*

mur-mur-ous, When the swallows flash and shimmer as they thrid the foam-white

maze, Breaths of far-off Av-a-lon are blown to us, come

mf *rall.*

down to us, Ava-lon of the hearts de-sire Avalon of the hid-den

molto ritenuto

ways! *a Tempo ma animato* *pp* *p* Song of Ap-ple-

blossoms, when the myriad leaves are gleaming, Like undersides of small green waves in foam of shallow

cresc.

seas; One may dream of Av. a. lon, lie dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, Till wandering through dim

poco rall. *a Tempo* *poco rall.* *a Tempo*

vales of dusk the stars shine in the trees.

poco rall. *pp*

Song of the Ap-ple-trees, hon-ey-sweet and murmurous, When the night-wind fills the

L'istesso T°

pp

branches with the sound of muff-led oars, Breaths of far-off

mf

Ava-lon are blown to us, come down to us, Ava-lon of the

rall.

heart's de-sire, Avalon of the hid-den shores.

molto ritenuto

pp

The Bells of Youth.

WILLIAM SHARP (FIONA MACLEOD)

By permission of Mrs. William Sharp.

E. WHYTE.

Op. 56, No. 2.

Allegretto con anima

VOICE *mf*

PIANO *p dolce*

The bells of Youth are ring-ing in the gateways of the

South; The ban - nerets of green are now un-furled: Spring has

ris - en with a laugh, a wild-rose in her mouth, And is

poco rall.

sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing thro' the world.

a Tempo

poco rall.

mf
The bells of Youth are ring - ing in all the si - lent

pla - ces, The prim - rose and the cel - an - dine are out:

Chil - dren run a - laugh - ing with joy up on their fa - ces, The

ff

west wind follows after with a shout

The bells of Youth are

poco rall. *p a Tempo ma poco meno mosso*

ring - ing from the for - ests to the mount - ains, From the mead - ows to the

moor - lands hark their ring - ing Ten thou - sand, thou - sand splashing rills and

fern - dap - pled fount - ains Are fling - ing wide the song of Youth, and

onward flowing, sing - ing.

pp

mf

The bells of Youth are ring-ing in the gate-ways of the

con anima

South: The ban-nerets of green are now un-furled: Spring has

f

ris-en with a laugh, a wild-rose in her mouth, And is

molto rall.

sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing thro' the world.

ff

Knowest Thou Where?

(WEISST DU WO?)

KARL ERNST KNOTT
English version by E. WHYTE

E. WHYTE.
Op. 65, No. 2.

misterioso

PIANO *pp*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part begins with a *misterioso* tempo marking and a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic. It features a series of triplet patterns in the right hand and a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand. The vocal line enters with the lyrics 'Far- Weit- far- weit- Hard Hart by an the e- der'. The piano accompaniment continues with triplet patterns. The vocal line then continues with 'ter - nal bar, Be - yond time's vio - lence, E - wigkeit, ü - ber den Zeit - en,'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern. The vocal line concludes with 'Far past the lone midnight, Where through the Ganz hin - ter Mit - ternacht, Wo schau - ernd'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern.

Far- Weit- far- weit- Hard Hart by an the e- der

ter - nal bar, Be - yond time's vio - lence, E - wigkeit, ü - ber den Zeit - en,

Far past the lone midnight, Where through the Ganz hin - ter Mit - ternacht, Wo schau - ernd

si lence Foot - steps of ghosts fall light;
 schrei - ten Füß - se der Geist - er sacht,

ppp *pp*

Where no more woods grow And no fair mead - ow
 Wo gar kein Wald mehr Und kei - ne Wie - se

poco *a*

smiles, Where, void of all life's glow
 lacht, Wo, dies - es Le - bens leer,

poco *più* *cresc. e agitato*

Sleep an o - cean's mea - sureless miles
 Schläft ei - nes O - ceans Macht.

ff

There gleams a shadow-y strand, There wheels my long-ing soul,
 Dort winkt ein Strei-fen Strand, Dort kreist die Seh-n sucht mein,

ff *con grace* *ff* *espressione*

Ea- gle-like a- lone in dole Seek- ing for
 Ad- ter-gleich, ganz al- lein, Such- end nach

allargando *fff* *p*

land.
 Land.

molto

rall. e dim. *ppp*







